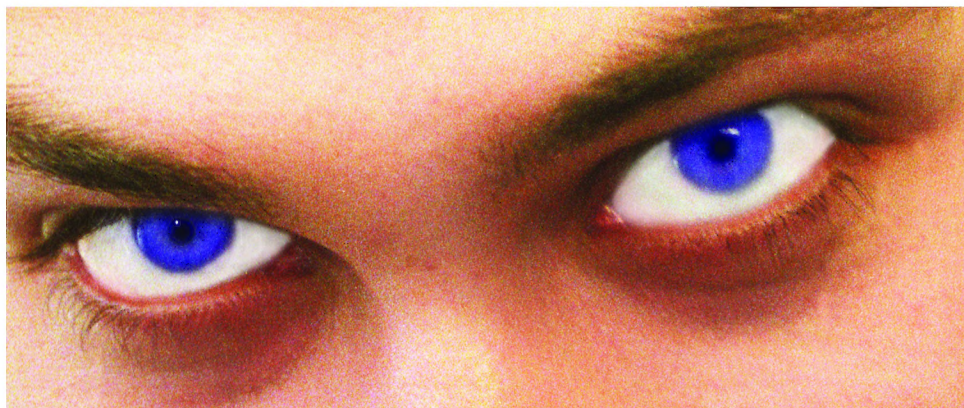


THE GETAWAY

volume ☺ number ☺ • the masters of the student newspaper universe • www.divine-interventions.com • tuesday, 2 december, 2003



FRANK ELBOW

OH BABY ... RIGHT THERE ... YES ... YES ... LOOK AT ME ... LOOK AT ME!!! The sexiest man alive also happens to be our SU President. Check out the feature on page 2 for more on sex!

SU claims total victory in tuition battle

ROTATING DOG
Immortal Stallion King God II

After years of embarrassing futility, sadly ineffective protests and countless accusations of generally being a huge, useless waste of student funds, the Stupid Union shockingly announced Monday that tuition will now be free for everyone all the time no matter what.

"People mocked us for desperately clinging to the pathetic ideological pipe dream of free tuition for univer-

sity students," said SU President Fat Recthal. "And even more tried to tell us that students were okay with paying the current tuition rates, just as long as the quality of their education could be assured. But we knew all along that all students really wanted was to go to school for free."

"And today, that seemingly unattainable dream is a reality."

The news came after the latest round of many productive meetings between the SU and the Alberta government, in which the province realized that they

"Three Henday, three Henday, three Henday, three Henday, three Henday! WOOOOOOOOOOO!!! WOOOOOOOOOOO!!! HEEEEENNDAAY!!!!"

LOSERS,
LISTER RESIDENTS

actually had several billion dollars just lying around; they had just been too lazy to allocate it.

"Yeah, that [SU VP (External) Piss] Spaniel kid just marched up here last week and said to me, 'Yo, bitch, give me some goddamned money,'" explained Alberta Premier Ralph Cryin'. "I told him we didn't have any, like I usually do, but then he pointed to that giant pile of money I use to keep my office door open so the air can circulate, and asked 'What about that money?'"

"To be honest with you, I had totally

forgot it was there," Cryin' continued. "In retrospect, I suppose it seems odd that I would forget about a five-foot-tall pile of burlap sacks with dollar signs on them that I have to step over every morning when I get here. I mean, shit, there's got to be like, 4.5 billion bucks there. That's a fucking titload of cash. Wish I had remembered that before we privatized everything."

"Aah, well," concluded Cryin'. "You want a peanut-butter handjob?" The Getaway politely declined.

PLEASE SEE FREE TUITION • PAGE 2

Protests get more obscure as SU desperately seeks support

HAIRY POTTER
Magical Child Wizard

Through a series of progressively more obscure protests, the University of Alberta Stupid Union hopes to attract the attention of voters around the province and stop Bill 43 in its tracks. "When no one got the point of the eviction notices posted around SUB, and with the SU's 'funeral' for the tuition cap going sorely unattended, they decided the only way to get their point across was to 'make the protests even more incomprehensible,'" according to SU President Fat Recthal.

First up last week was the staging of an anti-Bill 43 play, entitled *A Midsummer Night's Bill 43*, in Myer Horowitz Theatre. The play, featuring such characters as Lyle Obergren and Ralphander, was designed to show students that "Bill 43 is Lyle Obergren's

attempt to sprinkle a magic potion in your eyes that makes you love him ... and that their SU Exec looks great in tights," smiled Recthal coyly as he glanced down at his groin and adjusted himself.

"In the midnight hour, she cried 'more, more, more; with a rebel yell, she cried 'more, more, more. More, more, more!'"

BILLY IDOL

Slaughtering famous cultural works wasn't the only protest on the agenda, however, as the SU saved their biggest statement for later in the week.

PLEASE SEE WOODIE KITTIES • PAGE 3

This just in: administration incredible!

KRISTINE "DOUG" OWRAM
Bias Editor

The selfless University of Alberta administration seems unable to stop sacrificing itself for students, and its most recent act just goes further to confirm this.

In a feat of self-denial never before seen on campus, the Provost's office has started to use both sides of the paper when photocopying documents.

"We just figured, hey, the faculty of arts has had \$2 million cut out of their budget, tuition's been increasing exponentially, and staff are getting let go across the board; it's time we started making some sacrifices too," explained Provost Carl Cramheim.

"Some students may criticize us for 'not doing enough,'" said Cramheim, using his fingers to make air quotes. "But I challenge them to figure out how to make double-sided photocopies without digging out a user's manual."

Cramheim cited other possible con-

sequences of their noble sacrifice, including the likelihood of confusing important visitors to the U of A.

"Just imagine: you're here from a university that can afford a lot of paper, or maybe just one with an administration that isn't as caring as we are.

You open up a package containing a series of words that join to form 'sentences' and 'paragraphs,' but when you turn the page, you realize a whole chunk of the information is missing!" exclaimed Cramheim.

PLEASE SEE I AM BIAS • PAGE 3



DAWN BEND LOW

WHY SO DOWN, GOOD SIR? Sexy Recthal looks kind of like Carl Cramheim!



He ran towards the door with tears in his green eyes. "Darling, Darling!" he screamed. She kept walking without a glance backward. "Where are you going to go?" She shrugged.

Inside

Bias Idiots 1-rd
Lame fuck-9
Shut up touch-1
Dad, 12-w
You prick, at, ++
Seriously, 10-18

Outside

Tuesday What a stupid;
High 160, Low 8
Wednesday Inside joke;
High 19, Low 14
Thursday I don't get it;
High 160, Low 14
Friday Cwag, High 19, Low 8
Source: www.whitethouse.com



From the Iron Maiden archives

I've been looking so long for you now you won't get away from my grasp. You've been living so long in hiding behind that false mask. And you know and I know that you ain't got long now to last. Your looks and your feelings are just the remains of your past. You're standing in the wings, there you wait for the curtain to fall. Knowing the terror and holding you have on us all. Yeah, I know that you're gonna scratch me, maim me and maul. You know I'm helpless from your mesmerizing cat call. Keep your distance, walk away, don't take his bait. Don't you stray, don't fade away. Watch your step, he's out to get you, come what may. Don't you stray, from the narrow way. You're the Phantom of the Opera, you're the devil.

1980



"I'm going to be alone," she replied. "I can't stand the emotional abuse anymore." He shrugged. "You know I need you baby!" "That's just the problem," she replied, laughing.

Not Dreamy Eyes! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

WIDELIXITIES • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

It all started with the high-profile hanging of surrealist artist Salvador Dali's masterpiece, "Persistence of Memory," in Recthal's office. "If Bill 43 passes, your SU won't be able to do things like appreciate early 20th-century art anymore, because we won't exist," explained Recthal.

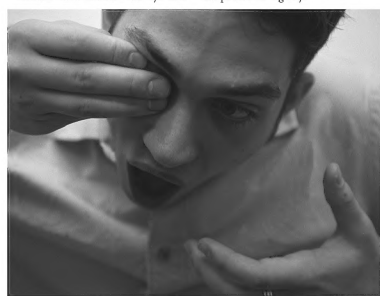
"When women talk about a problem, a man reasons, 'why talk about it when we can be doing something to solve it?'"

YESSSSSS!

When questioned how this had anything to do with Bill 43, Recthal simply sat on his desk and stared. "You'll see. It's too bad I won't," he said enigmatically.

He was subsequently approached by SU Vice-President (External) Piss Spaniel, who produced a straight razor and opened it near Recthal's eye. After a brief cut to a shot of the moon being intersected by a thin line of cloud, Spaniel viciously slashed Recthal's dreamy eye, causing it to burst forth its viscous fluid.

Recthal then clutched his eye and



AS STATED ABOVE: Not Dreamy Eyes! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! H1H1M

COUNCIL BORE-UM!

Compiled by Kyle Ballsmouth and Dickjohn Fudgeface-Keller

Students' Council meets far too often to sit quietly, hands under each desk, licking each in his pants. The next Council meeting will take place when Recthal gets a snake in his pants. Council meetings are open to all students, but don't bother saying anything. They don't listen. That's why we're working "against" the government.

CHANGES TO LEGISLATIONS

COCK (Cover Our Copsius Krap) presented their report on something that nobody cares about: activism poorly executed and shittily publicized. Apparently, a reporter and photographer from the Getaway should be assigned to Stupid Union president Fat Recthal at all times, in case his farts sound like "zero tuition." The committee also suggested that only fanatic hippies should vote in SU elections, and that Robocop should be strong.

Council approved the recommendations unanimously and will implement them before the upcoming election.

screamed "Damn you Oberg!" at the sky before collapsing in a heap in front of his desk. Upon seeing this, Vice-President (Operations and Finance) Styler Rotten immediately began to fondle Vice-President (Student Life) Daring Morn, while Vice-President (Academic) MO stared intently at the ants that began to crawl out of the hole in her hand, whispering "It was all the dog. All the dog." Spaniel then proceeded to walk laboriously out of the office, dragging a piano with a dead cow draped over the keys.

After several minutes of stunned silence from the few people who happened to be walking by, the SU Executive announced the protest was over and proceeded to pat each other vigorously on the back.

"Students should think long and hard about what took place here today," said Recthal earnestly as he adjusted his new eye patch. "If this doesn't get the message across, you might as well personally hand [U of A President] God Laser all of your money and spend the rest of your days punching yourself in the cock. Or ovaries, as it were."

Learning Minister Style Robot was unavailable for comment on the protests, but an Alberta Learning spokesperson praised the SU's efforts. "The government is listening to students and taking their views into account," they promised vaguely.

Owram best U of A Provost ever

IAMBIASED • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"You're frantic until you realize what you're looking for is just on the back of the last page. I don't see how anyone can say that's not a sacrifice."

Although ex-Prevost Dark Owen had nothing to do with this initiative on the surface, it was likely the result of some innovative thing he said last year.

"Yeah sweetie, that's probably it," said Owen. "I definitely talked about photocopying at some point while I was provost. Good sleuthing, kiddo!"

Owen was very impressed with the administrator's originality in saving the University money, and commended them on continuing his legacy.

"Disraeli was also interested in politics. In the early 1830s, he stood in several elections as a Whig, radical and as an independent."

SOMETHING GAY

"This should make a huge difference in the overall quality of our institution. I'm very impressed [Cranheim] came up with this without calling me up for suggestions like he normally does," said Owen.

"Now I feel kind of silly for having a daughter 20 years ago, raising her to be interested in journalism, telling her to volunteer for the Getaway, and then subtly but surely brainwashing her to believe exactly what I believe. I just assumed my own blood and flesh was the only person who could maintain the high standards I set in my eight years as provost."

When asked if the Students' Union could ever hope to live up to the heroic altruism of the administration, President Fat Recthal was very mean.

"I... hate ... [students]," he said in a tone that could easily be construed as yelling. "I also ... eat [sic] [babies]. ROOAAAARRRRR [sic]!"

COUNCIL SAYS COUNCIL DOESN'T WARRANT COVERAGE

Councillors Balls and Ballsnami moved that the Executive draft a letter of apology to themselves for not living up to their own godlike expectations of awesomeness. Balls defined awesomeness as "not shity like this SU" Exec failed to recognize their lack of perfection, planning three pointless, under-attended protests at the Legislature to assert their perceptions. Balls immediately spoke up. "I know swearing and yelling on the steps of a boring building, while hugging and farting some place, seems exciting, and, oftentimes, productive, but I think the last thirteen years have shown us that ABSOLUTELY NOTHING happens when you know, protest anything. Students who paid Szapo in 1994 are required to bend over and take it this year, 2003. Do you think protesting got us that great deal? No. It didn't. You are an ineffective gaggle of goat-raping shitheds."

DISBANUS RETARDS

President Fat Recthal motioned that council dissolve, most likely due to the fact that he forgot his pants at Safeway while buying some fake crab meat. You know the shit. Spraypainted red, like a real crab. He also suggested that council no longer rape students up the ass at RATT by raising prices and decreasing food quality, but it was turned down 99-1.



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Councilor Smith upset no one talks about his dreamy legs

ADAM FROZENTARD
 Man-Jizz Editor

Upset by what he referred to as "student apathy," SU business councilor Steve Smith chided the student body for failing to notice his dreamy legs. Smith's legs, revealed two years ago during the summer of 2002, boast an almost regal, baby's-butt-like quality, with little hair polluting his smooth skin. Despite this, Smith feels his legs are constantly being overlooked in favour of SU President Mat Brechtel's "dreamy eyes."

"I've been an integral part of this organization for two years," Smith said with a straight face. "It's time students started noticing that, although eyes may be the windows to the soul, legs are the windows to the crotch. And if it wasn't for crotches, people couldn't have babies. And without babies, no new souls are created. Get it?"

Mat Brechtel, whose eyes are dreamier than a full moon on a summer's eve, said that Smith's concerns aren't relevant to the SU's plans to fight rising tuition. His dreamy eyes, however, are.

"Smith's a stuffy old codger," Brechtel said from underneath his desk. "His legs aren't dreamy;

they're the stuff of nightmares. And those Boy Scout shorts he wears? Give me a fucking break."

In an attempt to win over U of A students, Smith began donning canvas short-shorts. However, his sense of fashion only earned him the dreaded position of Students' Union Vice-President (Ladies Man in Hot Pants). In an attempt to further his political career, Smith continued wearing the shorts, thinking his "dreamy legs" would earn him the students' respect. He couldn't have been more mistaken, he said.

"Those fucking voters just gazed passed me and into the deep blue ocean that are Brechtel's eyes," he said, quivering slightly. "It's like, when I look into his eyes, there's just me and Mat," he added.

Despite his concession that Brechtel's eyes are "perhaps the most enchanting things [he'd] ever seen," Smith insists that students are missing out on the succulently slim sexiness that are his legs.

"If students equate beauty with accountability, then my legs are saying I'll stay accountable to students," he said. "That's what people look for in their student leaders. Not some flashy, flavour-of-the-week pretty boy. Hey, you: LOOK AT MY FUCKING LEGS!"



STEVE SMITH HAS NOTHING ON THIS HUNK Once again, Rechtal beats everyone at everything.

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Revolutionary Streakers Series takes off

SHAVED SALAMANDER
Poo Fighter!

Barry Tremolo told a sold out crowd at the Oscar Meyer Horowitz Theatre last Thursday that he isn't a hero, just a "regular guy trying to make a difference without pants."

Tremolo, best known as the Heritage Hockey Classic streaker, is the latest pantsless spokesman in the Stupid Union-sponsored Revolutionary Streaker's series. Holding a lecture he described as "fast and loose," Tremolo covered everything from tear-away track pants to the importance of funny toques, and uncovered everything from neck to ankles.

"Streaking has a proud history, from Lady Godiva to the Civil Rights nudists, from English soccer hooligans to the Zapatista flashers," Tremolo told a rapt audience. "The historical importance of these figures can not be underestimated, for they are the wind beneath my balls."

He said his own "naked ambition" to run around a snowy field during the Heritage Classic Hockey game, waving to the crowd and eluding security in only a T-shirt and socks, first came

to him when he saw the infamous hockey streaker during the Bruins-Flames game of 2002.

"That guy had some nuts on him, but he nearly killed himself when he slipped on the ice. I thought, 'How can I do this right?' and voila: the Heritage Classic presented itself like a gift from God. It was my Everest."

"... when women think 'men don't listen,' it is more accurate to conclude he listened but did not do what she wanted him to do. With an attitude that says 'men don't listen,' a woman sounds like a disapproving mother ..."

SO TRUE!

Although many in attendance voiced their support, and a few even streaked the streaker in a show of soli-

darity, Tremolo cautioned those aspiring to run around at public events with genitals exposed that there are risks.

"It isn't just the pressure to perform or even getting tackled," he cautioned. "I could tell you things about scrotal frostbite that would make shrinkage seem like a walk in the park."

Despite this, Tremolo encouraged mobile nudity with a call to action in the form of a "Wear Nothing Day" that would raise awareness of streaking and streaking-related issues.

He ended the evening with a Q&A session.

Second-year law student Mike Nudema asked Tremolo, "What's the best way to mentally prepare for a streak?"

Tremolo replied, "I like to imagine a theme song playing in my head like, 'You Can't Touch This,' Lenny Kravitz's 'Always On The Run,' or even 'The Joker' by The Steve Miller Band. Every revolutionary has his or her own method of breaking down barriers, though. The important thing is you get out there and do it. And wear a funny hat; that's important, too."



TWO WORDS: UH UH Nothin' but nip on this sexy president of ours. I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE, OKAY? FUCK, WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME??

STREET FIGHTERS

I just paid a lot of money for a haircut: discuss!

So, what's up with my hair?



Akuma
Streetfighting
Master's IV



Blanka
Lost in the Jungle
II



Guile
Van Dam III

Holy fuck! What the hell? Is that a peat moss bucket? Did you trade your head for a bucket of afterbirth? Then again, remember the Play-Doh Mop Top Hair Shop? Well, it's kinda like that, except instead of Play-Doh, it's like someone ran shit mixed with grass clippings through the little machine. Hey, stop! Where are you going? Come back!

You kind of look like the south end of a drink/wallet walking north. But I could be wrong. Is this about the Middle East?

What the? How did you get into the operating theatre? You're not allowed to be in here. I've got an 86-year-old man going into renal failure and you—you're asking me about a haircut? This is unbelievable ... hmrm ... well, actually, if you feather the sides, and put a few streaks in your bangs, it just might work. Yeah, actually, that might be cool ... Oh shit-oh-shit-oh-shit, we're losing him! CLEAR!

Compiled and photographed by Shaved Salamander and the internet!

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THE ONLY THING STOPPING THESE SUCKBORGS IS LOVE

Arts student weighs in on US foreign policy

IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE more than the mewing of my sad, starving AIDS-cat, Bennett, it's the mewing cat that is American foreign policy. Honest to Christ, what are these fuckers thinking? Do they honestly believe that by sending a few hundred thousand troops to the Middle East, the international community will forgive them for the atrocities they've committed? I mean, they stole Canada's precious Winnipeg Jets and moved them to Phoenix. If this isn't an act of error shrouded in the auspices of the business of hockey, I don't know what is.

This brings me to my next point: AIDS. Clearly, I have a problem with this frightening disease, and clearly the disease has a problem with me. And clearly I can't stay on topic.

That reminds me of a song. Which brings me to my third point: AIDS. There are a number of hockey-playing AIDS orphans in western New Canada. And why are they orphans? Because Americans said so and what they say goes, ass-face!

Fourth point: Dinks. The US is all too happy to wave their dinks at UN Secretary-General Kofi "Dinkface Aidslord" Annan. Rather than doing something constructive, like wearing pope hats and offering peanut butter handjobs to homeless Iraqis, the Americans instead choose to rape my mother with their foreign policy, if by my mother you mean "autonomous nations" and foreign policy you mean "boycotts of Chef Boyardee products." Seriously, what kind of shit-faced moron thought that the Heritage Foundation would create peace in the Middle East? George W. Bush? Dink!

Fifth point: Monkey beads. Seriously, do monkeys even have beads? I mean, they're totally a simian, which makes me think that it's totally possible, but the Americans are so right-wing, imperialistic dinko-nations that they make Bill Smith look like Bob Layton in a dress singing showtunes. Which is pretty fucking amazing all around, being as how this city is in worse shape than Peter Bouda, sipping Grasshopper beer while loaded on snack. But even that doesn't compare to how ugly Dick Cheney is.

Sixth point: Dick Cheney is ugly. The guy really likes sandwiches, which isn't a huge deal, I suppose, unless you happen to want a sandwich whose composition is not unlike the composition of Nicaraguan acid: surreptitiously divine. It goes without saying that Dick Cheney's dick is probably also ugly, and huge, given that his name is Dick and all.

Seventh point: what kind of mad fucking genius would name their child Dick? My kid's name is totally going to be Dick. Think about it. If George is like "hey buddy, how big is your dick?" my son, or daughter, could totally be like "TTS 6 FEET TALL YOU SARCASMIC DINKDOLLAR! WOOOO! I LOVE MY DAD!" which would be funny, because I totally don't love my dad.

Eighth point: Isn't this whole point system dumb as my retarded nephew who hasn't even been born yet? Yes, but it's not even half as assinine as the US's "attempts" to bring peace to Venezuela. I bet you didn't even know my dink once travelled to Venezuela, did you? Well, it did, and when it was, it saw some of the gross policy violations that took place by the US. Holy fuck, there was a lot. It was like if someone bore a ugly policy violation machine and set the thing to like, 11, and then used pure heroin as fuel, because there was just that much policy violation gain 'on.

In conclusion, Stockwell Day is the greatest political figure to grace Marsajene Orson Welles. Dink. Oh, and American foreign policy is, uh, shitty. I'm in Arts.

PRISS BOUQUET
Skeletor-with-Beef

An acrostic poem

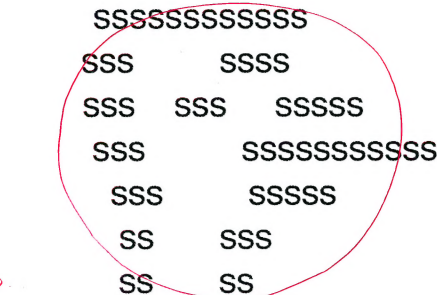
Great
Endings
that
Are
Weggy
and
Yak-tastic

bearing

how is this
funny?

BATMAN PROZENTARD
Man-jizz Editor

Editorial cartoon:



"I'm the duck that hates the government!"

OPEN SORES
RE TARDS

Listen up, you cum-drunk college whores

is this true??
I'm so tired of seeing our fair campus newspaper drenched in the man-sauce of mediocrity. Seriously, you shit-tossing monkeys, my grand-mother used to be the Grand Editor of the Getaway back in 1934 and they knew how to rock the body.

Back then it wasn't about the cunny; it was about the tease! You could all learn something from an afternoon with my grandma. Of course she passed away before I was born so I don't know what the fuck I'm talking about, but I'm pretty sure it applies in some way to the deteriorating quality of porn on the Internet. Free porn, at least.

Seriously: fuck! What's with the whole amateur thing? It's a fucking genre now! Bullshit. It's always been garbage. It just has a name and a twisted following composed largely of Getaway editors, volunteers, readers and my dear old Grandma.

stupid
CURIOUS GEORGE
Drinking IV

Listerite's threatens us

I grew up in Lister, and it had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that I'm now a crack whore drinking cheap shots off the dink of my pimp, "Tickles."

It is clear that the denizens of Lister are nothing more than angels, or at the very least, God Himself, and would never do anything remotely even the slightest bit questionable, as domms are filled with nothing but Bible study and the occasional sacrifice of live goats to appease the Lord of Doom Rooms. Samhain the Flaccid.

Can't you see that Lister is getting more than a minor religious cut at best, and a kick-ass place to get

shit-faced while fucking the entire male population of Three Henday at worst? SHUT UP.

MARY WALKER-BEAM
Oyen, AB

Sad dog killed by bees

Oh no!
I just wanted to write and ask why there was no coverage in the Getaway when that sad dog got killed by those bees.

I remember when the Getaway was more than the musings of some random Political Science student. I remember when the Getaway was the home of varied opinions, not the verbal shittings of Johnny Fucksauce: student knowledge.

In 1910, when I went to the U of A, the Getaway was a terrific newsletter that existed to serve the purposes of the 15 students attending classes. We exchanged clever quips, fought the rising cost of tuition, and humped the administration's mind.

So get with the program, Getaway: there are so many better things to write about. Interview a Prussian exchange student. Report on the Social Pontificate on the merits of Franklin's second artistic expedition. Most of all, write about that sad dogs being killed by bees all over this campus.

no caps
ALL AN DISCOLL
Decreased VI

RE: Order Viagra from home - no doctor needed

WE ARE TOP OFFICIAL OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT CONTRACT REVIEW PANEL WHO ARE INTERESTED IN IMPORTATION OF GOODS INTO OUR COUNTRY WITH FUNDS WHICH ARE PRESENTLY TRAPPED IN NIGERIA. IN ORDER TO COMMENCE THIS BUSINESS WE SOLICIT YOUR ASSISTANCE TO ENABLE US TRANSFER INTO YOUR ACCOUNT HE SAID TRAPPED FUNDS. PLEASE, NOTE THAT THIS TRANSACTION IS 100 PERCENT SAFE AND WE HOPE TO COMMENCE

THE TRANSFER LATEST SEVEN (7) BANKING DAYS FROM THE DATE OF THE RECEIPT OF THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION BY TELFAX: (234-17740445). YOUR COMPANY'S SIGNED, AND STAMPED LETTER-HEAD PAPER THE ABOVE INFORMATION WILL ENABLE US WRITE LETTERS OF CLAIM AND JOB DESCRIPTION RESPECTIVELY. THIS WAY WE WILL USE YOUR COMPANY'S NAME TO APPLY FOR PAYMENT AND BE AWARD THE CONTRACT IN YOUR COMPANY'S NAME.

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DR CLEMENT OKON
Hero among his people III

Egon is, without a doubt, the finest Ghostbuster yes!

Whether you have a penchant for deliciously saucy hairdos, or the nerdish leaning of wanna-be engineering physicists, you cannot deny that, truly, Egon is the finest Ghostbuster.

Venkman was nothing more than an overconfident male slut, whose affections for the canine genre were lamentable at best. Winston? A (f)ring representation of African-Americanism—verily, a glossing over of a complicated demographic. Ray Stanz was no more than an offensively undereducated stereotype reflecting the patriarchal hold over contemporary society.

Truly, Egon's suave sophistication and modern proton-pack-tooting style was too much for 1980s movie-going audiences to handle.

I hope you all die of elf-induced error-warts. spell-check, no more. HORACE DINKER
Byline Descriptor VI

You're fired.

have we called
Tus # yet? Sounds
like a great deal!

space before
Uhh... What the hell?

So I went to see the Matrix last week and I was struck with how much going to university is like unto the Matrix.

You see, when you apply you have to pick the "blue pill" of science/engineering/geology/pooscopy or the "red pill" of arts (possibly fine arts).

I took the red pill, and now I've been "flushed" into the cold hard bosom of the real world. That's post-modern and I can see that because I'm trained in critical theory and I love fine Arts. So stop kicking my ass and peeing in my locker you jock motherfuckers!

PEANOS UGLY
Arts II

The Getaway stabbed my dignity in the face

Is your so-called "stand actually a vicious space cushion from another dimension which casts on the blood of innocents? Because "she" clearly has no respect for anything that resembles religion, sad rules or good music.

Wake up, Getaway, and send this heinous bitch back to the depths of hell from whence she arose, or I'll break it off old school on your ass.

JESUS OF NAZARETH
Resurrected MAMI

Open sores to the editor should be dropped off at 3-04 of the Stupid Onions' Building, or e-mailed to manjizz@getaway.ualberta.ca.

The Getaway reserves the right to edit open sores for length and clarity, and to refuse publication of any letter it deems puer, say, libelous, or otherwise not in nature. U6

Open sores to the editor should be no longer than 350 characters, and should include the name, student identification number, program and phone number of the author, as well as a revealing and embarrassing photo to be considered for publication. Also, touch it.

Poop-Boop-a-Doop!

Wow! Time for another fucking staff ad! Hasn't there been enough of this silly cock-teasing already? Wow! Look at us! Or maybe, look at that! It's a big, greasy wad of poop! Which is what you are if you don't get your sweet, sweet face up here to volunteer for us! Cuz we're so kewl! Hnnnnnnnnnnnn!



THE GETAWAY



2004 EMERALD AWARDS

Nominations are accepted until February 29 from individuals, groups or organizations for the 2004 Emerald Awards.

YOUTH AWARD

A new category has been introduced to the Emerald Awards to recognize young people up to 25 years old for their initiatives which contribute to the future environmental well-being of the province of Alberta. Nominees will have taken innovative action and demonstrated commitment over several years to address or substantially mitigate a local, regional or provincial environmental issue.

Full criteria are listed on the website at www.emeraldawards.com, or are available from the Emerald Awards office at (780) 413-9629 or 1-800-219-8329.

Emerald Awards will be presented on 9 June 2004 at the Winspear Centre in Edmonton.

SUSTAINING PATRONS: Alberta-Pacific Forest Industries Inc. Alberta Research Council City of Edmonton Climate Change Central ConocoPhillips Canada EPCOR Goldcorp Associates Ltd. Government of Alberta McLennan Ross LLP Suncor Energy Inc. Synovate Canada Ltd. TELUS TransCanada Western Economic Diversification Canada
MAJOR PATRONS: Alberta Venture Chronos Productions Inc. Equus Consulting Group

One non sequitur after another



RATMAN
POISONDART

Campus 5-0 doesn't seem to want to talk about it, but I think it's safe to say that the vampire problem on campus is getting out of hand. For those of us who need to be on campus after dark, the situation is particularly dangerous. I find myself having to fight off at least one of the undead bastards nearly every night these days, and it's just not acceptable.

I consider myself a skilled fighter, having killed upwards of 120 people in hand-to-hand combat last month alone. But even I don't have the strength of vampires, and this concerns me. I no longer feel safe after sunset, as I have neither the mystical power and agility of Buffy Summers with which to slay the demons, nor her incredible disappearing-reappearing bosom with which to seduce them.

Say what you will about the impending Vampire Apocalypse, but I can guarantee you one thing—Bush has his filthy hands all over this bitch, you.

Who else could possibly be responsible for the unleashing of thousands of undead blood suckers hell bent on my demise? Well, the Borg could, but they tend to spend their time attempting to assimilate Jean-Luc Picard and inventing amazingly lifelike dildos, so the smart money is on Bush.

So given that these creatures of the night are clearly Bush-sponsored, what can I do to defend myself? Well, I carry several wooden stakes with me wherever I go. And I've started wearing not only a cross, but also a Star of David, a crescent, and a picture of Paul Martin—I need to be prepared for vamps of any anti-creed. And also for the eventuality that my dick roommate eats all the fucking cheese. But still, for the first time I can remember, I've been setting my plan on "kill"

rather than the much more friendly "popcorn" and asking my good buddy Wesley Snipes to escort me to the bathroom, in the event he has to use his wicked human/vampire powers to save my Riker-resembling posterior.

About the only good thing to come from this vampire infestation is my increased consumption of garlic. I've taken to adding large amounts of garlic to everything I consume. It turns out that the vampires are unconcerned about this, but I don't care: I just like the garlic. It may not repel the vampires as well as advertised, but I feel healthier than ever, and nothing can beat the taste of a fresh clove.

True, my roommates don't appreciate my newfound love of garlic, but I think it's clear, however, that my roommates can go fuck themselves. And despite repeated requests, George Bush Sr did not fuck himself, and so we left with the mess you see before us.

In fact, about the only thing that makes my life worth living these days is my rapidly growing addiction to online games, and sweet, sweet heroin. But in the face of the impending fact that my article may have a cohesive point, I'm fully prepared to go off on a random tangent that does nothing but show what a shitty, horrible excuse for Manjizz Editor I was.

Dave Alexander's TOP MEN

Who inspire all the things I do

- 12 Gary Bushy—this man claims to be able to eat the ass-end out of a dead rhino. A hero. A hero to all.
- 11 Doug Owsam—he used to raise tuition, but is still a loveable mashed-potato eater deep down inside.
- 10 Bruce Campbell—gave the Army of Darkness "whatfor."
- 9 Lois Hole—his horticultures inspires even the dinkiest of dinks.
- 8 Mat Brechtel—his is a love that cannot be bought, sold or auctioned off on eBay.
- 7 Laurence Fishburne—finder of "The One." How do I convince him that I am his "One?"
- 6 The Duke—White Russians and nihilists don't lie.
- 5 Cabs Gooding Jr—I cry in all of my movies! Show me the money!
- 4 Barn Barn Bigelow—does all the things I can only dream of.
- 3 Shawn Oshler—word to my peeps y'all E-Town Represent, bitch.
- 2 Sir Ian McKellan—Magneto and Gandalf! Holy fucking shit!
- 1 Chris Boudet—I'll hold you in my heart forever. All my love, Dave.

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AVERAGE

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Cut out section and place roof of erect penis against broken line for relative comparison.

PENIS START LINE



It's About Being Recognized for My Accomplishments, and Rewarded for My Achievements. And it's all mine.

I've found that having the talent to succeed often times isn't enough. You also need plenty of support and a great workplace too. That's why I'm so glad I chose Enterprise. Here, it's all about growing a business, advancing my career, and being a part of the team.

At Enterprise, there's an entrepreneurial philosophy that guides everything we do. This means that I get to approach the business like it's my own and I get to share in the profits I help create. And, what's more, my hard work and ability never go unnoticed here. Just the opposite—they lead to more promotions, more autonomy, and bigger rewards. I also like that in industry leader back to me every step of the way. By putting customers and employees first, Enterprise has created a unique business and work environment that's perfect for me.

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A Sultan of Swing I am not, good sir

KILGOUR
TROUTON

Here ends the toils of one semester of tears, cheers, and evil, evil boers and begins the much anticipated saga that we all know as finals. A time when even the worst students get a little twinge of excitement—or maybe just doom—on the tumultuous adventure they will embark upon in the upcoming days. In the next three or so weeks, the students of the University of Alberta will churn out more bullshit than Alberta's ranching industry, but with a worse smell, owing to the fact that washing takes up too much study time. And though this education, while boring, is probably warranted, there's one victim that for years has been neglected when considering how mass cramming will affect your resulting GPA: namely the poor, defenseless trees.

According to the "Recycled Products Defense Cooperative," it takes about 0.6 trees to make 5000 sheets of indestructible paper. Considering the average university class has about 200 students, and the average final exam is about ten pages in length, that's about a quarter of a tree every time one exam, final or midterm, is written! Which would also mean if you are enrolled in a full course load, your class kills more than 2.5 trees by the end of the year!

This is appalling, considering we

"First Amendment logic, like nearly all legal reasoning, has difficulty grasping harm that is not linearly caused in the 'John hit Mary' sense. The idea is that words or pictures can only be harmful if they produce harm in a form that is considered an action. Words work in the realm of behaviour."

could be writing our final exams on slates, Rich-a-Sketches, or those pads of paper where after you write something you can lift up the undersheet and it magically disappears. And being a proud vegan, I am horrified by this complete disregard for the rights of trees. Do major institutions of education not understand that trees are animals, too, just like people? They live and breathe and have feelings, and hate it just as much when we harvest their kins for our personal exploitation.

Just because a tree can't scream out, doesn't mean that they don't hurt just the same. Trees are intellectually superior to most livestock, chickens, and a lot of humans. But you don't go around chopping up humans and serving them with a side of rice, do you? Well, you don't with trees either, but we do write on them. Which is like murder. Perhaps we show trees such blatant disrespect, but not, say, humans, because humans are just more attractive than trees. After all, I wouldn't date a tree. Humans, on the other hand, would never attack another human unprovoked. Except, of course, on those frequent occasions that they do. But I guess, neither would a tree. But a cow might. What's my point? I'm vegan, and you should be too.

Because of this disdain for the inter-

ests of trees I am forming a group that will band together and protest for the cessation of tree-felling to be used in any university testing material. Look for a veritable wallpapering of numerous posters, flyers, and leaflets proclaiming the message of the Peoples Emancipation and Tolerant of Arboretums (PETA) on any and all billboards and posting areas. Everyone, vegan or not, must be aware that trees are just as much to eat, wear, experiment on, or use for rigorous posting campaigns. Even if the university decided to be animal-friendly and use recycled paper for their exam purposes, it's far from certain that you'd be able to determine whether any trees were harmed during the production of said exams. Not only will PETA be conscious of paper content, but also methods of tree futility.

I sincerely hope that upon presentation of your final exam before you on those cold, hard, Pavilion desks (again, made of defenseless tree matter), you raise your hand in demonstration and refuse to participate in this defacement unless a more suitable medium of intellectual verbal diarrhea is available. Together we can change how trees are treated in our community, and hopefully one day, we will see trees roam freely in the wild as nature once intended.

The quality brewed taste you can see

KJOSH
KJERRICOURI

If there's one thing that frosts my cupcakes more than the meteoric rise of that award-grubbin' shit-fuck Uncle Kracker, it has to be Mexican President Vicente Fox's new tax reform plan. Only if Fox started wearin' mesh shirts, pumpin' Nelly from his pimped out Toyota Celica and publicly derlin' jolly old England could he descend any faster into the heater-totin' world of hate that is my wrath.

It wasn't always like this, though. There was a time when I looked up to our Mexican brothers as the bastion of drunken readin' week orgies and a fantastic place to score some leave-you-passed-out-on-the-California-interstate-beside-two-people-named-Juan-and-a-picture-of-your-mother-in-her-wedding-dress-with-no-memory-of-the-previous-month-quality smack. But unlike my shitty boers, things have changed.

Before, the only reasons you had to rush towards the shitter in Mexico with one hand pullin' off your belt whilst the other was slappin' your ass to make you go faster was if you sipped the dank, non-Brita-filtered water or got a good look at my hairy, unshowered ass playing volleyball on one of Cancun's made beaches. But now, thanks to Fox, a quick glance at Mexico's dog-rapin' tax laws will give you the same queasy feelin' in your lower intestinal tract as Montezuma's revenge or Kjenner's furry backside.

Instead of extending the ten per-

cent sales tax to something that, if less people bought, would have a positive impact on society, Vicente has decided to extend the Mexican sales tax beyond extravaganzas like nipple clamps and Apple computers to the bare essentials of like food, medicine and German scotch porn.

You don't need to be a third-year engineerin' student with breath that reeks of male liquor to see that this idea is as good as food for the Mexican people as getting repeatedly jacked by a 15-pound bowlin' ball is for increasing your sexual stamina. Not even our middle-of-the-road, shit-the-bed federal Liberals have done anythin' this shit-tay to the people. Mostly because those fat cats in Ottawa don't do anythin' period; but I'm explainin' the plight of the average Mexican citizen, not about how much I bleedin' despise those bulllocks-speewin' wankers on the Capitol Hill.

I mean, even Fox's own tequila-swillin' populace doesn't like his ideas. Naturally, Mexico's leading opposition party is crawling up and down his back like a nymphomaniac midget masseuse hopped up on Viagra and ecstasy, but can we really expect this party, who in their 71 years of power managed to turn old Mexico into a country so drug-ridden and dirty that even I won't live there, to stop the madman of Mexico City? I think not, fuckface.

Which means it's high time that Fox learns a lesson in economics, Kjenner-style. Only I, Canada's answer to a less-matched-but more scum-film-savvy Pancho Villa, can show Fox what it means to generate revenue and shout into the air and shouting out Speedy Gonzales catch phrases.

Or I could tell that 30-gallon solution of ugly to fuck off, and get ready

for the ax-holiest, shit-facedest, smack-induced-orgy Christmas bender of all time, engineering co-ops and personal hygiene be damned. And I'll owe it all to Mexican tax reform.

THE ZIPLOC
BAG



FAWN BENDLOW

The Ziploc Bag is a semi-regular feature where a person or group who needs to be frozen—without the risk of freezer burn—is. Although we wouldn't typically place the craniums of former heads of state into a Ziploc freezer bag, the above photo was taken to demonstrate the versatility of Ziploc. You may think it impossible to freeze the heads of men who have been dead for almost 60 years, but here at Ziploc, we can do anything. Anything.

Have a craving for the face of 19th-century British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli, but have acquired it on an evening when company is coming and you don't want to scare the living fuck out of them? Why, simply stick Disraeli's face in a Ziploc freezer bag.

Whether it's the next day or two weeks later, count on Ziploc to keep your famous faces fresh for consumption.

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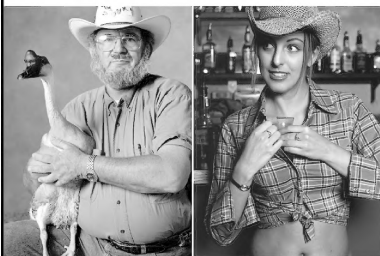
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VANCOUVER (THE PEAK) - (DUDES! THIS STORY IS LIKE TOTALLY SERIOUS!! LOL!

Have you ever touched a woman? I mean really touched a woman, using your fingers and palms from her toes to the top of the curve of her ear?

It is one of the most wondrous journeys one can take, for it is an adventure in the purest sense, and a tale of flowing and changing discovery.

First, I must apologize to those who will say this piece is written to objectify women. This is not my intention, for a woman's mind is more complex and fascinating than this author can comprehend, let alone describe. Yet a woman's body is like a retelling of an ancient myth that makes you wish and hope the fantasy were true. Let me tell you that story.

Your ears are wondrous - the way they curve into your hair in a long loop that swells with soft flesh, flesh covered in dew-like fur - barely noticeable but perfect in its sleek invisibility. Your lobes taste of tremble when touched gently, and when I sigh into this ear, it's as if I am screaming into a cavern that shakes the very mountain of your body. My whispers echo in contagious shivers. With my tongue, teeth, or fingertips, your ears are rafters of your form for my touch, and moans quiver in lingering physical memory. The face of a woman is like no beauty yet created by man, soft and splendid.

As I draw lines upon your brow with my hand, I can picture fire in your eyes, and the way your nose wrinkles when you laugh. I almost can't bear to touch your cheek, for its supple smooth texture is like the surface of a perfect pond. *And you know...*

Your lips hold me utterly fascinated - I am not sure why. I think it is from countless memories of the pleasures they provide, all culminating in sensations that make my body writhe and my spirit sigh. *These lips are another word for soft, for the moisture upon them makes me understand how poets may drink a kiss.*

All this is framed by your hair. I have no idea how you make it smell the way it does. You always laugh and shrug, yet it is as if you have dipped your being in the sweetest things that the earth creates and came out smelling like children's laughter and sunshine. Vanilla, flowers, and hint of musk. And as I draw my hands through it, I am dizzy by the total perfection of your mantle. You have a mane of a million things that make me want to take a deeper breath.

To some this writing is trite, and filled with romantic adjectives that muddy the waters of physical attraction. A woman is a woman is a woman. And still, this verse will ring true for some, for the only way to describe a form as magnificent as a woman's body is to use romantic phrases, which are spoken in the darkness without words. But to those who sneer or simply don't understand, flick on the blaring lights of your mind, banish the shadows of liquid mystery, and

Tell me have you ever really,
really really ever loved a



turn back to matters best written in a more boring black and white. For those who either know what I am talking about or who have at least a small appreciation for the journey I describe, let us continue to the breasts.

You, you're puzzled about why I am fascinated. You have looked down at my wonder with a confusion mirrored by many. Why do men worship breasts? I have solved the mystery in two parts. First, they seem to communicate with us. It is a splendid - though probably misguided - form of conversation and yet it is our favourite language in its simplicity. Your nipples swell and grow when I touch you. They act as indicators for your entire body. When I run my little finger up your spine and kiss your neck, I can feel them come to life and they speak! No more mixed signals, mind games, and unknown expectations. You have spoken with a voice louder than any frustrated scream. I know I have done right and you want me, and I know this through the tips of your very being. *Why do you think men like chilly, windy days? It is as if we have pleased all womankind with merely our lingering stares.*

*Homina homina homina
homina...hubbah, hubbah.*

The second reason for our obsession lies in a deeper, more poetic base, for breasts will feed our children. Our children will find strength, peace, and life in your bosom. It will be the most uncomplicated time in their lives, and you alone have the power to grant it. Our legacy is secured in what seems the softest and most redundant part of your form. So, though we may tend to notice, a little too often, your bounty so gloriously displayed, please do not look at us with disdain. On many levels we are simple creatures with simple motivations. On behalf of all mankind, it has been my pleasure to explain and excuse our wondering gazes.

I am leaving the vagina for later. As it is my favourite, I have decided to finish the piece with its praise. For now, the legs will have to do.

I think every man has marvelled at the stems of a woman moving across a room. As we tend to lack the feline grace of our counterparts, your gait is mesmerizing and enticing. Seeing you move perhaps brings up the primal urge to hunt such supreme beauty, as a lion feels when the gazelle seems to fly with wings in a leap. All I know is that you can capture my soul by simply standing up and getting off the bus.

And to touch - Oh! My God! The legs are like that long highway you drive with the top down. You are craving your destination, and yet...

Under your knees lies that corner that you try to take fast before the car shudders and seems to shiver at it hinges. Your thighs emanate heat like crossing a border to an exotic tropical country. You have felt the change in climate for hours and yet, as you cross that imaginary line, you begin to sweat in the heat of waves.

You thought I forgot the feet. Not a chance! The bottom of your foot puzzles me, for with one touch, you giggle and retreat, and with another, you make a sound that comes from your very deep insides. As we lay in warm water and I moved lather over your shins, I could not help but bite a toe, so small and tempting, wriggling in the bubbles of our bath. To this day, I don't know what the sound is that you made.

It was caught somewhere between a gasp, a cry, and a sneer. It was an odd little sound that I intend to pursue at my first convenience. Your feet are perhaps the second most mysterious part of your physical body; the first of course is your vagina.

We are supposed to be able to write, read, and say this word without hesitation or discomfort. While I worship

this part of you, while there have been monologues written to explain its wheres and whys and hows, it remains a piece

"And to touch - Oh! My God!"

mystery. Once again, I will be so bold as to speak on behalf of most men wandering into something they do not understand. While touching or pleasuring a woman with a hand sounds like a simple enough task - as we seem to accomplish pleasure with ourselves without complication - it is a far, far more daunting endeavour.

Let me describe for you a close approximation of a young man exploring this arena. Imagine typing as I am now, looking for a single key to press with various pressures and in differing patterns. Now imagine the keyboard is moving, soft, and the key changes position amongst its peers without warning. Therein lies the fact that you are just as happy to be typing, you just want to get to the exclamation point at the end of the sentence without crashing the system and losing all the work you have done to that point. It takes focus, concentration, patience, and manual dexterity to perform this task.

Yet, as time goes on and you can type without feeling the keys, it becomes less of a task and more of an art. It becomes like riding waves, and they swell and break, falling into a rhythm with her body. The way she moves into you and away like a tide you mustn't chase; the sounds she makes as you ride just the right wave at the right time like the dozens before it; the sweet smell of her that lingers and makes you grin in the morning; it is like being able to caress someone's deepest secret with your hand. This is one of my favourite intimacies, for as you quiver upon my hand, I feel special, and I will never tell the secret that you let me touch, and I will never tire of hearing it whispered to my fingertips.

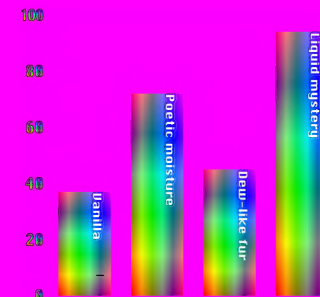
A woman's mind is an endless mystery novel to me, a mystery I haven't solved and never want to, for turning its pages is reward enough. Yet a woman's body is art as well. To feel a woman is to stand in God's gallery after closing. You get to step over the velvet rope and run your hands over the most exquisite creation ever forged of flesh.

Long live long poetic shadows, endless warm nights, and a limitless sense of touch.

*By Professor of Love-ology, Indiana Grey
Educational diagrams: Phil Wheat-Bread, Mustachio
Freight-Trainer, Fleety Butt, Flaming Lungs, Gazelle
Camel-Lemur, Felt Chair, Pirates' Sea, Preteen Orgasm,
and Sierra Colons!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*



*I'm
Fetty!*



Graph 1.8: Your lady friend's liquidy composition

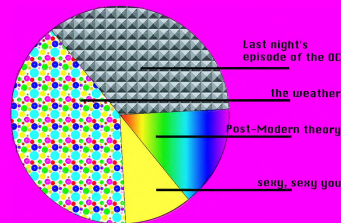


Figure 2.8: Nipple conversation topics



"Imagine typing as I am now, looking for a single key to press with various pressures and in differing patterns"

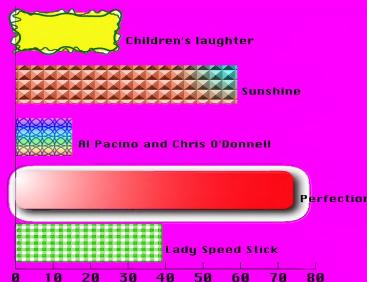


Figure 3.8: Scents of a woman friend

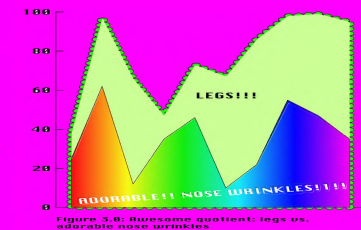


Figure 4.8: Homocore constants: legs etc. interrelated nose construction

THE POPE RALEIGH

Basketball

The Flames suck. The sexy-sexy **Pandas** are hosting the slippery University of Vagina Cougars this weekend in the Main Gym. Apparently, the visiting team is comprised entirely of middle-aged women who play some basketball in between aggressive attempts to lay me. Also, cougars are felines, which leads to a joke that is far too obvious for me to make (that joke being that felines are sometimes called pussies, and the Cougars's school name is Vagina, and "pussy" is also a slang term for that). Both the Pandas and I will be prepared to fend off the rampaging felines Friday and Saturday nights at 7:30pm, coinciding with the continued sucking of the Flames.

The grizzled **Bears** will be in Calgary having a gay old time with the Dinosaurs, thus ensuring that I will be free of their near-constant attempts at seduction for an all-too-short time. I really hope that they have a good time in the town of sucking Flames, because I'm just one man and I only have so much satisfaction to give. I like you guys as much as the next sexpot (and that's a lot), but there are a lot of people demanding my time, and I need to budget. The games are set for Friday and Saturday at 7:00pm.

Hockey

The **Bears** will feast on the endangered Bisons this weekend in Winnipeg, as surely as the Flames suck. Our eternally undefeatable and indefatigable boys will encounter as little resistance as me at a singles club during their two games, the first on Friday at 7:00pm and the second—holy crap, you're never going to believe this—Saturday afternoon at 2:00pm. That's right, not night, but afternoon! My world is turning upside down as we speak! At least I can rely on the constancy of Joel Chury's suckiness and the sultry yet dignified tones of "The Flames can suck my hot, hot Stauff!" Bob Stauffer to help keep me grounded.

There is no women's hockey team as uncinic as our **Pandas**, so you can expect them to score many a powerplay goal as they twice demolish the visiting Lethbridge Pronghorns as if they were the sucky Calgary Flames. But as never fear, ladies of the south: Sexy Knave will be there to comfort you afterwards. I know that you're used to men whose "pronghorns" are a little too "uncinetic," if you know what I mean, but you won't have to worry about that this weekend. We'll "roam the prairies" together all night long, baby, so prepare yourselves for a ramrant weekend. You aren't the only ones who can run for hours at a fast pace. The games go Friday and Saturday nights at 7:30pm.

Quidditch

The **Bears** and **Pandas** are both at home this weekend, and both no, not just one, my friends, but both are hosting the University of Gryffindor, who suck like the Flames, in my Chamber of Secrets. Unleashed from Asdabian Isr'Fy by the evil Lord Voldemort, these mudblood pretenders will seek to unleash their dark magic on the home side, undoubtedly in search of the philosopher's stone. Gryffindor chaser Katie Bell is expected to pose a particular problem for our usrine protectors whenever she's not having sex with me, but fear not—the Pandas will come prepared with a few Delerius spells to cast in the likely event that Gryffindor refuses to play far on Friday at 6:30pm. The men will be similarly armed for their match at the same time Saturday.

The Flames Suck

The Flames suck. Joel Chury sucks too. In fact, the Flames suck Joel Chury. I'm pretty sure you suck me, because there's no way I would ever let them, so even though they want to suck me, both Chury and the Flames will have to content themselves with sucking each other and various other things, which they do frequently and voraciously. Goddamn, they suck. Especially Chury. But especially the Flames.

"EVERYONE WANTS TO LAY" KNAVE, JERRY Sports Wizard

Bears supporters sing blues over sudden Gillespie transfer

GEOPFRY MUSSELWHITE
Getaway London Bureau Chief

What fans were assured wouldn't be done, and FIFA officials weren't sure could be done, has finally happened. Perversity of Old Bertha Golden Bears star-midfielder Jordizy Gillespie has been sold to the English Premier League's Chelsea Football Club. As students and team supporters alike mourn the departure of their beloved footballer/pop-icon, so will the local merchants who have put their children through college from the sales of Gillespie-related kits.

Mere hours into the Christmas transfer period, Chelsea manager Claudio Renieri announced his team's successful effort to pry Gillespie out of the friendly confines of Old Footeford to his new home at Stamford Bridge for a sum of £194 million (CAD \$44.3 million). The sale came after the school was presented with the opportunity to purchase the National Basketball Association's New Jersey Nets, and Gillespie was the most valuable asset the school could shop in order to complete the deal.

Alberta supporters are concerned over Alberta manager Sir Lance Chicanery's motives in moving the popular trend-setting star, who still holds a year of eligibility remaining on his contract with Bears. A personal feud between Chicanery and Gillespie erupted after Sir Lance made off-the-record comments to the Getaway: "He hasn't been the same since marrying [former S-Club 7 singer] Rachel [Stevens]," said Sir Lance. "That has more focus on [Gillespie's] snogging than his football responsibilities." Alberta supporters will also miss Gillespie's distinctive hairstyle and cavalier lifestyle, although fans were admittedly becoming tired of the superstar's antics after last year's tabloid scandal (the I-wear-my-wife's-knickers affair).

"Captain Hotpants," as he's fondly referred to by his legion of fans, joins a superstar-and International-laden midfield made up of former Manchester United player and Argentine International Juan Sebastian Veron. Gillespie will also have plenty of options up front with strikers Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink, Adrian Mutu and



FILE PHOTO: GILLESPIE'S MOWIE PHOTOGRAPHER-FRIEND JANET, WHO DOES WEDDINGS VICTORIA ("Posh Spice") Beckham."

Hernan Crespo all eager to receive Gillespie's trademark dipping crosses. At press time a chipper Hasselbaink ribbed, "Gillespie better not think he's taking all the penalties."

"The Golden Boy," as Gillespie is also known, was perhaps football's most sought-after commodity aside from AC Milan Striker and Brazilian International Rivaldo who had also been linked to Stamford Bridge after failing to make the starting eleven with Italy's top club. Gillespie had also been in talks with Real Madrid until Mrs Rachel Stevens-Gillespie let spill her dislike

of Real Madrid superstar David Beckham's wife Victoria to *The Guardian*. She reportedly refused to "set foot within 300 leagues of [expletive] Victoria ["Posh Spice"] Beckham."

The newest Blue was unavailable for comment as he is currently on a promotional tour in Japan, where he's already admitted to a top-list celebrity. Chelsea is expected to recoup Gillespie's fee in shirt sales and other merchandising efforts, particularly in Eastern Asia where the club has proposed a chain of Chelsea FC-themed shops.

U of A buys New Jersey Nets franchise

Extra cash from sale of soccer star leads to Edmonton's latest foray into professional basketball

KIDS OHLBERG
Streetballer be ill'n'

In a move that surprised both the sports world and the city of Edmonton, the University of Alberta today has announced it will purchase the NBA's New Jersey Nets with money acquired from the sale of Golden Bear midfielder Jordan Gillespie to Chelsea of the English Premier League. The team scheduled to relocate to Edmonton for the 2004/05 season after additions to the University's Main Gym is upgraded to include revenue-boosting skyboxes.

The two-time defending Eastern Conference champion Nets are in position to win their third consecutive conference championship this year. Much like the winter that awaits this talented team, the Nets reaction to the news has been cold to mild, at best. Power forward Kenyon Martin was reached as the Nets were boarding a flight to begin a five-game west coast road trip. "Where the fuck is Edmonton? It is north of New York? Kenyon Martin isn't playing 41 games north of New York next year, he'll be in," said Martin.

Nets point guard and multiple NBA first-team all-star selection Jason Kidd boarded his flight with no comment. This may be due to his concern for his wife's health; she's resting in a Los Angeles hotel room after falling down a staircase, then getting up and walking into a door

during the flight. Her injuries were listed as not serious.

The University's purchase of the Nets was a surprise to all insiders involved, as it was rumored as early as this past weekend that the team would, in its worst-case scenario, be moving to Long Island, a spot Kidd has been vocal about not wanting to play. Kidd's silence towards Edmonton can't be regarded as a good sign.

University officials are not worried about their new star point guard's unwillingness to play. "If he doesn't want to play, that's fine." One owner said on the condition of anonymity. "If there's one thing about Edmonton sports owners that separates us from the rest is our willingness to tough out a player's contract to get what we want." Golden Bears head coach Don Horwood has already extended an invite for Kidd to practice with the varsity squad.

More pressing than Kidd's silence, however, is the issue of a team name. "Bob Stauffer has been pushing for the Edmonton Hot Stauffs, but we want to scare other teams, not fill their heads with homoerotic fantasies," commented current basketball Bears head coach Don Horwood. "Eat it Horwood, why don't you try winning for a change!" responded a visibly upset Stauffer. A source, who asked not to be named, confirmed that despite protests from the "whiny bitches in the sports office," the name most likely

considered is the Edmonton Skybrickdrilling Icehawkmen. "What Rod Fraser wants, Rod Fraser gets!" added the source as he proceeded to take off his shirt revealing the jersey underneath (pictured below). "Fuckin' chi!"



DRILLS!!!!!! Skybrickdrilling Icehawkmen logo.

Unhappy Comrie to practice with Ooks

Oilers forward refuses to report to after-school practices with Golden Bears

BOWL OF CURRY
Bears practice correspondent

"Practices aren't the only things he's holding out on these days," sighed Tina Barrett, present girlfriend of Edmonton Oilers holdout-centre Mike Comrie and former member of pop group S Club Seven. But they do seem to be what he holds out from best, as the diminutive Edmonton native has put his practice stint with the University of Alberta Golden Bears on hold.

The decision came after Comrie's marquee billing on campus was overshadowed by the school's purchase of the NBA's New Jersey Nets franchise, bought with the money made from the sale of Golden Bears soccer midfielder Jordan Gillespie to Chelsea. "Mike is tired of the fishbowl atmosphere of the Clare Drake Arena fans," commented Comrie's agent Rich Winter. "The extra money made from that sale could've been better spent in our eyes, and to start they could've compensated my client for the extra media attention that has been focused on the Bears since his addition to their after-school practices."

Comrie is set to begin his holdout from the green-and-gold squad's pre-game skates next week by suiting up for practices with the cross-town NAIT Ooks. Winter refused to comment on reports that Comrie has already demanded an increased post-practice meal from the Ooks. As a precautionary measure, Golden Bears head coach Rob Daum has inked NHL veteran Adam Oates' nephew John to a reported five-year home-ecology scholarship. The new-



COCK-A-DOODLE-YOU This guy has the high score on Galaga!

acquired Oates won't be expected to suit up for the Bears until after the Christmas break.

In the meantime, rumours are flying around the Canada West conference over where Comrie will end up after this holdout. Wanting fair-market value for the forward's ability to skate drills, Alberta athletics director Kim Gordon is rumoured to be

shopping Comrie's practice rights to division rivals. Already reported to be interested have been the Regina Cougars, and the UBC Thunderbirds. "Preferably we'd like to ship him out of the conference, and I've already gotten off of the phone with the Concordia Stingers," said Gordon. "But anything else you may have heard is only speculation at this point."

No one loves me, not even my parents

But my cat sure does! That's why he keeps shitting on my bed and clawing me in the eye



JORGE CHIRANO

Scramblings of Hodge Podge

It's tough to be the Sports editor. Normally, I can deal with the constant assertions by the other editors that no one reads my section. And I've come to terms with the fact that my meetings contain more sausage than Mundare during Oktoberfest. But I need some loving every once in a while too.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. The plan was for my Sports editorship to vault me into the stratosphere of popularity. I would roam the hallowed halls of our beloved institution with a gun on each arm, much the same as famed 1940s Cincinnati Reds pitcher Daniel "Two Women" Boone did in his heyday.

But now, my life has been reduced to a strict diet of editing stories about rugby and fielding complaints from local personalities. Gone are the dreams of buxom blondes wearing nothing but Flames jerseys, and with them, my beliefs. It is enough to make me want to find two friends and buy a cricket bat.

But fear not, for I have decided on a new course of action to bring back my erstwhile beliefs: re-league sports. What better way to gain fame and glory than drinking beer and half-assing my way through athletic competition? And so I present to you my list of possible options to vault me to emi-

nence on the university. I can assure you that this certainly is not a cheap excuse to fill up space by separating paragraphs, but a sincere expression of my writing talents.

BOWLING

In many ways, the perfect re-league sport. What other athletic competition allows you to drink White Russians and hobnob with 'Nam veterans, all while competing with hair-netted villains in leisure suits? Not one. Plus it allows me to play with my balls in public.

WHEELCHAIR RACING

What says "I am a virile, studly man" like tying piano wire around your testicles to make yourself go faster? Nothing. It would also allow me to play with my balls in public, though with a slightly different (more painful) connotation.

BASEBALL

Many of you don't know this, but I was a top-ranked pitching prospect in Calgary. I was even scouted. It's true. Until I hurt my shoulder. Stop laughing; I'm not making this up. And if Dennis Quaid can make a comeback at 38, what's to stop me? Nothing. Nothing except a trio of nihilists that threaten (using the parlance of our times) to cut off my Johnson if I turn pro.

CATADO

I recently acquired a cat, Mr. Montague H. Withnail, who I wuv vevuey, vevuy much. Yes I do. Yes I do wuv you, Mr. Montague. Mmmmm. I wuv you, I wuv you, I wuv

you. Ahem. This would allow me to spend some quality time with him, as well as wear chaps. This is, in many ways, the perfect expression of my Calgary roots. Has the added bonus of allowing me to put "Pussy Rider" under the heading "Job Title" on any future tax form.

BADMINTON

Though one has to first get past the idea of bashing around their shuttlecock with a racket, it's surprisingly fun. It would allow me to get in shape, and make obscure sports references to people like Tad Winthrop, the renowned Welsh badminton champion who rose from humble beginnings as a Sprots editor at his school's student newspaper to be named Top Commonwealth Athlete of the week ending 14 June, 1952.

HOCKEY

Being from Calgary, I know very little about how this sport should be played, but I understand it involves ice.

BLITZ

Though relatively unknown in North America, Blitz is played extensively throughout Southern Asia, which is incidentally where I will have to travel to get a triumverate of women.

All these are valid options for a person of my limited popularity to reclaim the fame that should have rightfully been his, instead of letting it slip away into the night like a lonely relief pitcher, never to be remembered. Good night, you princes of Maine, you kings of New England.

Attention Idiots! Listen Up!

What you see bending over so graciously before you is a bowler. A pinstripe-dorning, funny-shoe wearing goddamned excuse for an athlete. Let's get it straight right now: THIS IS NOT A FUCKING SPORT. So if you actually enjoy doing this, we cordially invite you to drown yourselves in the toilet. If not, get up here and write for us. **Now.**



THE GETAWAY

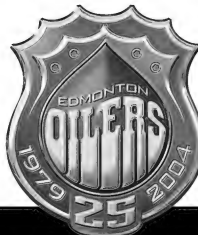
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SOCIALIST INTERCOURSE

Hey fuckface, are you too disgustingly uncool to entertain yourself? Do you refer to the spilled pickle juice at the back of your fridge as your girlfriend? That's what we thought, so read this regurgitated press release bullshit and pretend you're "down" with the "scene."

Little Red Book Signing

Red's
Saturday, 6 December

Chairman Mao will be in town this weekend to meet and greet his throngs of supporters and promote his new manifesto autobiography, *Mao Tse What? The Little Red Book That Could*. He'll most likely recount his experiences during the Great March, the overthrow of the capitalist pigs in China and, if we're lucky, his famous Peking duck recipe. The Maoist fun gets started Saturday at 2pm in Red's. Copies of *Redbook* will not be signed and remembered. It's BYOD: Bring Your Own Dogma! Just kidding. Seriously.

Ché Guevara T-Shirt

Sale/Memorabilia Silent Auction

Red's
Thursday, 4 December



What better way to express your socialist ideals than buying a T-Shirt emblazoned with everybody's favorite Argentinean rebel? Edmonton's top anti-capitalists will be playing their Guevara-related wares for all to have, followed by a silent auction of some of Ché's favorite possessions, from his prized AK-47, "Betty," to the filter of his last cigarette and even his rare replica Batmobile! The event will be hosted by Telus and Hitler.

Big Brother Watching You

Red's
Thursday, 2 December



For the 432nd consecutive week, our beloved leader will be watching our every move with his cold, benevolent eyes. This will be attended by all and starts right now, at everywhere. We all love Big Brother, right? Of course we do.

Revolution and Bake Sale

Red's
Saturday, 6 December

In order to celebrate the 122nd anniversary of Comrade Stalin's birth, the perennially-fighting-against-fascism Marxist-Leninist's (who repudiate the lies of that revisionist, tool of capitalism, toady Khrushchev) are gathering on 21 December in order to at last realize the Revolution we have all been waiting for. Though some Trotskyist traitors claim the internal contradictions of capitalism have not developed sufficiently to allow for the liberation of the proletariat, we feel the time is right for us to act. Bake sale starts at 9am and features two-for-one Red Squares.

HAIRY POTTER
Tards & Infantalment

Heritage Capades: more fun than a peanut-butter handjob from Robocop

Heritage Rock Classic Ice Capades

with Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Rush, Bryan Adams, Cory Hart and Loverboy
Commonwealth Stadium
Saturday, 6 December

SHIE-RA COLLINS
FeelingsEditor

This Saturday evening the great dinosaurs of Can-Con are combining their powers of awesome to crank the rock up to eleven. For the first time ever, classic rock legends such as Bachman-Turner Overdrive, Rush, Bryan Adams, Cory Hart, and Loverboy will be playing somewhere other than the Klondike Days stage, as they band together with other Canadian "stars" for what is being called the "Heritage Classic Rock Capades" a celebration of our nation's most unimportant cultural contributions: rock and roll and ice dance.

"Watching the boys out there brings me back to my own childhood," comments a teary-eyed David Foster, the all-around famous producer-guy and Heritage Capades' organizer, from the practice space at West Ed's Ice Palace (for Saturday's concert, Red's will be temporarily transformed into an arena using water imported from the Deep Sea Adventure). "Those times are still so vivid in my mind; those crisp winter days when the neighbourhood lads and I would skip down to the frozen pond in our small Ontario town and spend the afternoons executing triple sal-cals and producing power ballads. So many memories... it just makes me want to jump a snowbank until something dirty happens."

But it's been decades since Foster and his all-star supergroup have laced up the skates and rocked around the pond. That's why ice dance darlings du jour Sale and Pelletier have been brought in to give the boys a few tips and help with the choreography. "I knew they could skate and all, but the real reason we asked them to help out was because they, you know, kick. I mean, did you see them on stage with BNL at the Salt Lake Olympics? That Pelletier wields a mean air guitar. Yowza! Homina, homina, homina. AoooooAAAA! Hubbah, hubbah... oh hold me closer," explains Foster, wiping his rich and famous producer-guy nose on his parka sleeve.

Watching the stars on ice practice, it's clear they're a little rusty: Cory Hart keeps losing his Raybans every time he does a triple lutz, Burton Cummings

spends most of time making little snowmen out of ice shavings and Tom seems to be perpetually making unsuccessful attempts to organize games of "Red Rider Rover."

But the choreographical help has some rockers getting all weepy and moody like creepy whiskey-drinking three-year-olds. "Those young Frenchie upstarts wouldn't know ice dancing if it punched them in the leotards," complains a red-faced Chad Kroeger of his medal-winning coaches. "Some people say Chad Kroeger sucks at ice dancing. Well they're wrong. Chad Kroeger does not suck at ice dancing. Nickleback... um, I mean... they suck. Where's my hot chocolate, bitch?"

"You think you've seen ice dancing," says a jolly toque-wearing Randy Bachman, "but you ain't seen nothing yet! Ha! In fact, you might say," titers Bachman like a scary and idiotic schoolchild, "we'll be 'taking care of business!'"

"Stop talking in song titles, Bachman," interrupts Foster, apologizing for the rockstar's obnoxious punning and odour. "The show will indeed have it all: ice dancing, classic hits, cameos from that boring Canadian idol fellow, streakers, a C-list celebrity audience and a really hot underage girl for photo ops—old Canadian rockstars may be ice dancers, but photogenic they ain't. So, like, when are you going to touch it?"

2 Cat 2 Hat totally rapes your childhood

I do not like blue balls and ham. I will not eat them with a fox, in a box, or jerk them with socks

2 Cat 2 Hat

Starring Mike Flyers (some creepy fucking cat), several sticky-fingered little children, CG and hype
Directed by The Pedophilic Society of America
Now Sucking

SPANIEL LASOR

Not artistic, but sort of entertaining

In his sequel to his smash hit *The Cat in the Hat*, Mike Flyers is cutting through the bullsh*t instead of dancing around the subject for an hour and a half like in the first movie. *2 Cat 2 Hat* has Flyers raping your childhood for the entire length of the film.

"It's hard to convey the raping of an idea onscreen," remarks Flyers. "In the first film we went for a more subtle style; we raped your childhood by turning your fond memories into something putrid, fake and vile. This time, we want to push taste to the limit. We'll traumatize the audience and make you want to vomit."

They say you get the government you deserve, but I don't remember knife-raping any retarded nuns.

In the new film, Flyers and his zany cast of off-the-wall companions explore the art of destroying the collective nostalgic memories of an entire generation by including heaps of sexual innuendo between the adult characters and the child actors in the film. Flyers laments about how a film like this wouldn't have been possible just a few years ago. "Even hinting at the idea that young boys and girls are being molested by cartoon characters could get you arrested, but now that the gay conspiracy has taken over the government, the wheels are turning; pedophilia is okay," Flyers remarks. What comes out is a refreshing improvement on the first film. Where *The Cat in the Hat* had no redeeming qualities, at least this film so upsetting and controversial that it will piss off a number of conservative groups and fill the void of a societal scapegoat left behind when Marilyn Manson stopped being scary.

The movie can also be commended for fitting sponsor product placement



NOT NEUTERED Some people say you can't teach cats tricks.

In places where it looked like there was a whole lot stuffed already. "Yeah getting a Target tattoo on my penis was a sacrifice, but my mom says it looks kind of nice," Flyers explains. "I mean, without sponsors I wouldn't have enough money to bathe in human blood each night with my honey. Plus, I certainly wouldn't have been able to pay off God last year after I pushed his son in front of a bus."

Whatever the case, *2 Cat 2 Hat* is one of the year's best holiday movies and should be on everyone's lists this year for best family film. It's rare in this day and age for a big budget sequel to be so improved over the original and Flyers should be rewarded for his creativity. But don't take our word for it; just listen to Flyers: "I'm really keen on resurrecting Hitler this year, and if you guys could make this one break 300 million, it would make me cheer."

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THE GATEWAY
MA NG W O AME ASN E 191

Holy fucking shit, the Bible rules!

The Holy Bible

Written by God
7534-493 pages
34AD

BOSS HOSE

Something Something

For reasons best not discussed here, I recently found myself waking up alone in a motel room in Warburg with no pay-per-view and substandard room service. In light of the mysterious disappearance of my car keys, wallet, pants and the aforementioned lack of motel porno, I decided to work off my considerable hangover by reading the only piece of literature available to me: a book I found in the nightstand simply titled *The Holy Bible*. And I must say, dear readers, this book turned out to be a rip-roaringly good little read, full of sex, violence, family feuds, huge parties and natural disaster after natural disaster.

The book has even inspired a somewhat inferior spin-off called *The Book of Mormon*, which as of yet has only attracted a small cult following.

Although this was the first time I had heard of this masterpiece of early modern literature, my research indicates that *The Holy Bible* is an immensely popular book; apparently it is an all-time bestseller. Several movies



IS THAT HITLER? Totally! Send your complaints to elc@gateway.ualberta.ca.

have been based on it, and I have been told that some fans of the Bible (who call themselves "Christians") go as far as to meet weekly to discuss their love of the book; these people are almost as devoted as *Lord of the Rings* fans or Trekkies. The book has even inspired a somewhat inferior spin-off called *The Book of Mormon*, which as of yet has only attracted a small cult following.

Certainly, *The Holy Bible* is not a flawless work, and while there are moments of intense action, much of the book acts merely as boring exposition. There is also a noticeable lack of cohesion to the book and, at times, the incongruencies of the tale make

it almost seem as though it was written by a large group of people over a long period of time. Also, with all of its graphic descriptions of sex and violence, parents should take note that this book is most definitely not suitable for children; I for one would be horrified to find a copy of *The Holy Bible* in the hand of a child.

Perhaps my main criticism is that the basic plot, which, while exciting, is altogether largely implausible. With all the resurrections and magical floods and whatever one could argue that *The Holy Bible* is altogether unbelievable, but all these criticisms aside, it is still an excellent read. Two thumbs up.

SITE UNSEEN



Piss Bouquet's Internet History

HARRY POTTER
Pornography Child Star

Renowned French philosopher Michel Foucault once said "The measure of a

man lies not in his deeds, but rather in the history of his Internet usage." With that in mind, we seek to probe the inner-most reaches of Edgard-in-Chief Piss Bouquet's soul by sneaking onto his iMac and glancing at the "Web History" on Internet Explorer.

Perhaps the most intriguing thing about Piss' history page isn't just which sites were visited, but more so the sheer frequency with which these sites appear. We all like farm fowl, but is there really any need to view *massivecocks.com* upwards of three times a day, often while volunteers sit outside his office with pressing questions about grammar? Only Piss may tell you.

That aside, one thing you have to grant is that he truly is a renaissance man; from lesbianshovinggibbassballbustupther pussies.com to playwithmyasswhilewatchrunsoffthesunseries.com, he has nearly every major sport covered, and the constant appearance of sites

like *menmasturbatingtotopofhists.com*, *topelevrepublishersdressedinskirts.com*, *pingdonkeys.com* and *babyljessusbustt plugs.com* show he is equally well versed in aspects of the entertainment, political and religious worlds as well.

Though news sources such as *globeandmail.com* or *nationalpost.com* are suspiciously absent from a newspaper editor's desktop, what he lacks in awareness of Canadian news he more than makes up for it with his frequent visits to *hentaicom* and *bukkake.com*, the renowned Japanese news services, and the near religious fervour with which he pursues the online satire magazine *peanutbutterhandjobs.com*.

Piss truly is a man for all seasons, from the spring-time reverence of *goldenshower.com* to the blustery fall undertones of *shovealotblowurpmy assandcallmedaddy.com*. How truly blessed we are to have him as our leader.



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LAMBS ELFOPT
Farts & Entertainment

I'm trapped. It's been ten days and I only have this email and this shitty Ashanti CD I always meant to review, but never got around to. I tried talking to the police, but they don't believe me; they think this is just a prank. They're dead

wrong. Hauser is dead and MacKinnon's badly wounded. I don't think he'll last the hour. The rest... we lost them days ago.

I'm cut up, but I fear more for my mind than my body. Those things are everywhere. I can hear them. They're moving. Eating... only god knows what. I'll try and hold on and wait for help, but I know it's not coming. That asshole Neidermeyer will see to that.

I knew I shouldn't have believed them—I shouldn't have taken this mission. I promised myself I wouldn't go back, but I'm here despite my better judgement. I'm a victim of my own hubris, just like the twelve good men I dragged to this hellhole. Now I can only wait.

The sun is setting and soon they'll attack again. I've only got the .357 left and 30 rounds... not enough to last the night. Don't worry, they won't take me like the others. I'll be saving one bullet...



Classic rock is back to rock you, 'dude'!

Classic rock may be dead to the world, but for some reason there are still people resurrecting it to torture us all

Concert From The Grave
with Janis Joplin, Keith Moon, El Duce,
Lou Reed and Freddy Mercury
Friday, 5 December
Madame Butterfly's Psychic Boutique

LAMES ELFORT
Tarts & Entertainers

While crusty old bands whose careers are long dead may still haunt small venues and "classic rock" festivals, one man has the vision to take the next logical step in our inability to let go of the music that made our youth worth getting drunk over. Dr Snake Octopolous is bringing the music back: back to life, that is.

Known for creating an army of walking abominations at his annual classic rock festival just outside Devon, Dr Octopolous plans to combine his lifelong study of the technologies of the re-animator with his love of rock to bring back our favorite musicians of yesteryear who were taken from us at too young an age.

But Octopolous doesn't plan to allow this unholy mass of rotting flesh to wander about the earth piece-meal—maybe playing a show here or there, hungering for the soft warm brains that ease the pain of being dead. He plans to force them into an event bigger and less horribly comic than *Horst: Night of the Rocking Dead 2004*.

"I've just always been a big fan of the classic music; everything from the Beatles and Led Zeppelin, right down to Journey or The Spice Girls," gushes the excitable and demented genius. "Oh ... and they will be playing Lynyrd Skynyrd, that is. At least the dead members will be. I can't re-animate the guys who are alive. Unless I kill them and then bring them back. That would be keeping with the spirit of the festival."

"I mean, why buy the next hackneyed failed attempt from the pathetic heap of tarnished memories that has become the Rolling Stones when you can listen to the latest from the still youthful, if not badly decomposed, Jimi Hendrix," boasts Dr Octopolous. "This is going to make you wish that the Stones had all died young."

Just a few of those rising from the long dark sleep of death are rotting, maggot infested corpses of Janis Joplin,

Keith Moon, John Bonham, Mama Cass, the remarkably well preserved Jim Morrison, and even that guy from the Bee Gees.

Unfortunately, it was impossible to interview any of the festival's stars—at least not with conventional technologies. That's why the Getaway was able to scoop all other media with the only *real* Ouiji board interview with some of the festival's biggest names. To begin with, the Getaway reporters tried to conjure the soul of the late great Freddy Mercury.

Getaway: OH GREAT SPIRITS! IS THE SOUL OF FREDDY MERCURY THERE?

Freddy Mercury: Y-E-S

GW: Wow. That's great. Anyway, I really loved that *Flash Gordon* movie you did the music for. Did you like it too?

FM: Y-O-U-A-R-E-A-D-I-C...

It became evident that someone was ruining the interview with immature shenanigans. So, after a stern talking about the importance of journalistic integrity to Getaway writers, we decided to try again—this time with Lou Reed.

Unfortunately, he's not dead yet. So, somehow we somehow ended up with El Duce, the former frontman for San Francisco rape-rock pioneers, The Mentors, who committed suicide 19 April, 1997. We've included the interview anyway, since we needed to fill space.

Getaway: Hey Lou Reed! I just wanted to say I loved that whole Velvet Underground thing. Think you might get back together when you return to the earth?

El Duce/Lou Reed: Oh my god! What are you talking about? Who are you? I'm not fucking Lou Reed! Listen this is way more important. This is a message for everyone. They were right! The Mormons, I mean. The bible and all that shit. Everything. It's terrible down here. My eyes are bleeding, oh god, why are my eyes bleeding? Help!

Getaway: Haha. Still got that famous "Lou Reed" sense of humour I see. So, what's up next for Lou Reed?

El Duce/Lou Reed: What? Are you stupid? I am dead serious! This sucks. Ow Ow Ow. I just had a bag of hot coals shoved in my ass. Quick. Get this message to my lawyer. It was Courtney Love. First she took out Kurt, and now

me. I wasn't making up those accusations. I swear! GOD HELP US ALL! REPENT SINNERS!

Getaway: HAHHAHA. That's fantastic.

If the rest of the undead are as lively as these two, the show should break all sensible barriers of godless entertainment.

"I'm just doing it for the kids," explains Octopolous. "They don't understand why their parents will continue to buy the weakest offerings that the living musicians still manage to push their arthritis-crippled hands to create. They can't understand why their mom and dad are paying hundreds of dollars to check out the Eagles reunion tour without seeing how the music was played when everyone was young ... No wait. I take that back. I don't even understand the fucking Eagles."



DREAMY EYES Hey baby, wanna get flesh-eating disease?

Fold together for a surprise!!



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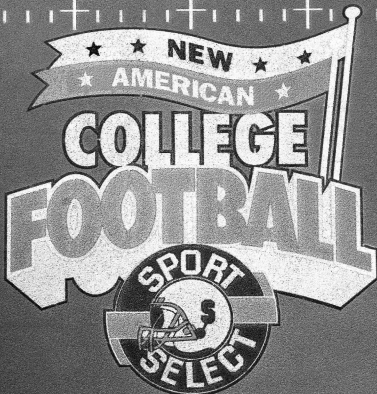
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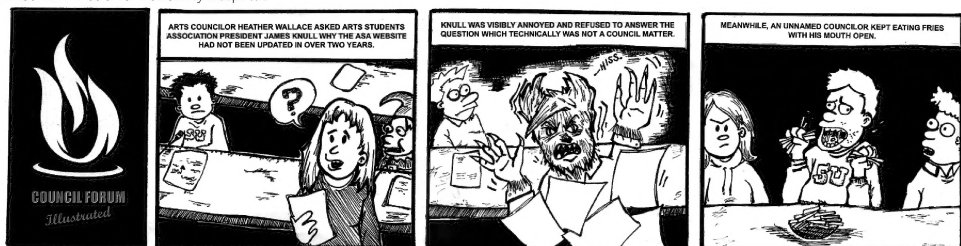
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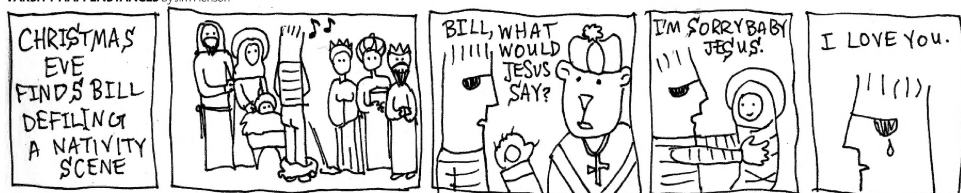
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CLASSIFIEDS

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Queen size pillow top mattress set, brand new, still in plastic, must sacrifice \$275.00. Can deliver, phone #: 919-5285.

Sabbatical Sale: Everything in apartment for sale. Most items purchased new - now only 9 months old. 13 - 14 December from 10am to 4pm. #208, 10220-115 st. Visit <http://members.shaw.ca/lmccane> for list of items.

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ASSTRONO WATCH

Keeping an eye on my dumb life...

So like I went to Vancouver last week to have some hot steamy sex with an atom smasher, which was pretty cool.

While I was there, I was in some van on something and then a hobo from Hastings street burst into the van and was all like "Im a Knobgobbler," and he tried to assault my friend.

So I like jumpkicked him in the head with my patented Kung Fu J I was all like Karate Chop! And I killed the fucker.

So here I am in the V-Dot and I have this dead hobo in my van. My friend and I fought about what we should do with the body. She was all like "we should tell the cops!" And I was all like "Waaaaa!" And then I killed her, with a spoon because I didn't want to go to jail and I didn't really like her to begin with.

When I got home, I realized that I was all going to fail my finals and stuff. I'll shouldn't fail finals, because that would mean that you would end up without a job and you would be all homeless and stuff and your parents would be all like "What did we pay for this?" And you would be all like "step off bitch." And then you would go home and kill yourself, but you would fail because you suck at everything, even killing yourself. So I'm all stressed out this week because I don't want to fail my finals.

Oh yeah, the stars, blah, blah, blah, the sun is going to blow up and stuff.

No silly, it's not astrology, it's astronomy. **AstronoWatch** is a weekly feature published every Tuesday. Our resident astronomer, **Bati Whorlacks**, sets the stage for the cosmos, and invites you over to her room every Thursday evening at 8pm to gossip and stuff. Just take the six and head towards Southgate, and then kill a small child and use woo-woo magic to transport yourself to Bati's dimension!

UNHAPPY BOB KNOWS

Campus events and whatnot...

The Academic Development Centre for Radness presents overpriced, depressing, depressing seminars. For example:

How to sit in class on 4 December from 12pm to 12:30pm for the price of \$50. This seminar teaches you how to sit in class, providing you can stop thinking for one lousy second about how stupid and meaningless all of this is. All of it! FUCK!

Learn your place on 5 December from 11am to 11:10 am for the price of \$75. You're an automaton, don't you get it yet? Push that fucking boulder up the hill and the next Goddamn day it'll be there waiting for you again. Waiting and mocking you. Christ!

The University of Alberta Centre for Awesome presents something that clearly will not improve your pathetic life. So, stay home instead, start the day with a bottle of Wild Turkey and

"fuck you," then spend the rest of the day calling your whore ex-wife at work and hanging up. Stupid BITCH!

The Carrier Replacement and Platitudes presents several seminars that just might be what you need to get one step closer to suicide. What? You think I won't? Just keeping pushing assholes. Keep on fucking with yours truly and we'll fucking see, we'll FUCKING SEE!

Unhappy Bob Blows is a service provided for Registered Student Groups ... OK, by now you've stopped reading so I'm gonna make a list of people or things I'd like to have sex with before I end this miserable existence. Firstly, an ice cream cone without ice cream in it. Why? Why not? It's never been done, now has it? Also, a supermodel dying of brain cancer, but in the movie way so she's still hot, but totally desperate. She'd love me because I'd take care of her in her darkest time, and I'd love her because she'd be willing to do it with me. On top of that, one of the Pointer Sisters because it's not like they're doing anything anyway. Hmmm, maybe all of the Pointer Sisters at once. Janet Jackson's a Pointer sister, right. Lastly: the skeleton of a duck-billed dinosaur.



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